

WIT AND HUMOR.

It was only a duke who came up today.
Then a pair of wind came and blew it away;
White were its hands as the December snow,
It wanted to go, but it was too shy;
And then a duke who came in its mouth,
It coughed on the knob as the wind blew
It scolded.
Pale rose its forehead and slim were its pants;
They were made from a garter of one of his maids.
Only a duke, in the height of its pride,
And it flapped on its heels, and it fell down and died!
We searched in its pockets for money in vain,
It had no more money than the poor thing
had laid down.
It was only a duke, and they laid it away
Robed in a tape-line, its keeping to-day;
Only a duke, and it was laid in the ground,
And will rest till old Gabriel screeches around.
—*London*—

Precocious boy (munching the fruit of the date-tree).—"Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

He wished to impress a feeling of greatness upon his olive branches, and, pointing to the surf, observed to them:—"You will perceive that even the sea is a tidey."—*London*—

How much pleasanter this world would be if we lived in it as easy to go to bed at night as it is to remain there in the morning, and as easy to get up in the morning as it is to talk of getting up when you go to bed!

The wife of a politician, who has an eye for the main chance, keeps a scrap-book of all the uncomplimentary things said about her husband, which she uses to index for ready reference in seasons of domestic unpleasantness.

At Dinner.—Horatio (thought to have proposed to Miss Lucy).—"Do you like ginger ale, Miss Lucy?"
Miss Lucy—"No, I don't like anything that pops, except champagne."
All present (in chorus).—"We thought so."

A poet writes: "I send you my paper, but I fear I made a mistake in not writing a refrain to it." Never mind, we shall do the refraining for you. The way in which we shall re-

beautifully.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Instead of the old-fashioned "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," which have been the distinctive modern mode of address, fashionable children are taught to say, "Yes, mamma," "No, papa," "Yes, Mrs. Smith." In the revolving of fashion probably the antique "Yes, forsooth," will be the next substitute.

A grocer's boy complained to his employer that he was not getting his sufficient rest. "I know, Johnny," admitted the grocer, "that you are kept pretty busy most of the time, but I'll see what can be done. Perhaps when cold weather sets in I'll let you draw mosses once in a while for your *Joan*."

"Why She Wep't"—"I see by a cable dispatch," said a fashionable up-town lady, very much distressed, "that the eldest son of Lord Knowgood is dead."

"Who is Lord Knowgood," asked the fashionable lady's husband.

"He is the son-in-law of a member of the English aristocracy," she replied, wiping away the tears.

Loss of Appetite—"You look sick. What's the matter with you anyhow?" said Gus de Smith on meeting Gil Snook. "I've got a stomach in an awful state. I've lost my appetite for whiskey—I can't drink a drop." "Lost your appetite for whiskey, have you? Well, I pity the poor devil who finds it, unless he has credit at the saloons."—*Texas Siftings*.

"My dear, look down below," said Grandma, as he stood on Waterloo Bridge, with his wife, and gazed at a panting tug hauling a long line of barges, "such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling while the barges, like women, are—"

"I know, dear," said G., acidly.

"The tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

and out of the old Farmington

(Conn.) Canal has just died. The president told him there was no dividend, and no prospect of any dividend, and jestingly told him to go home and mow the towpath for a dividend. Now he died, not taking a 30 per cent. dividend in hay from the eight miles of towpath, and went on doing this with perfect complacency thereafter.

N. Y. Sun.

Queer Pets.—"Cleomena, what in der world you 'got dem fies raised for? You did not, taking a 'wasp' 'goin' ter keep no more pets but your 'knary bud, died, is it some ob de child'en's work?" "Lan! a me, pap, dem hairn't pets! Dat's a fly trap wet you 'ketch fies wid, doan you 'know; wat Lige bought dis summah. Wal, 'fore you 'see 'em, you 'can dem 'fore now."—*Harpur's Bazar.*

"Isn't 'Collar-Button' rather an odd nickname to give your boy?" asked a gentleman of a friend who had just addressed his son by that title.

"Well, I don't know," replied the father, "but I think it may sound a little curious, but it suits the boy first-rate."

"Why do you think the nickname 'Collar-Button' suits the boy?"

"Because," was the reply, "when he slips out of the evening I am never able to find him.—*Philadelphia Call.*

St. Jackson, a colored Granger living on Onion Creek, was going about grumbling and growling, when it occurred to Maebeth Simmons, a white neighbor, to ask him what was the matter.

"Well, I wish am a nice 'rangement wid my mewel."

"What's the matter with your mule?"

"What's de matter? I fed him eb'ry day during de whole ob last munt when I didn't hab no mule, 's much as I

"Well, what has he done?"

"What has he done? Yesterday mawnin' when I went ter de stable ter harness him up and put him ter plow in' dar he was dead, sah. Yes, dead as Jupiter, sah. Dat mawel he had a good time ob hit. I wouldn't mind being a mawel myself under dem ar auspices."—*Texas Sayings.*

Trying to Corner a Witness.—Counsel—"You swear that the defendant did not play billiards on the evening mentioned."

Witness—"Yes, sah, I war wif him de hull evening."

Counsel—"The last witness swears that he saw you both in a certain billiard-room."

Witness—"Yes, sah."

Counsel—"That the defendant had a billiard cue in his hand."

Witness—"Yes, sah."

Counsel—"That he saw him strike a billiard ball with a cue a number of times."

Witness—"Yes, sah."

Counsel—And yet you state upon your oath before this honorable court and the gentlemen of the jury that on that particular evening the defendant did not play billiards?²⁷

Witness—"Yes, sah. He played nuffin but pool."